

CHAPTER ONE – JAKE FOWLER

The office was silent moments before the phone rang.

“Morning Nathan” came the familiar voice “ it’s Jake Fowler”

The Fowler in the tone of voice boomed at me.....

My thoughts flashed lightening-like. Burly, six foot two feet of portly flesh – I had bumped Jake on my first visit to plastic manufacturer Norlex, when he, the plant manager, took me around that plant with inimitable and enthusiastic charm. I liked this amicable man. Jake was a gentleman.

“G’day Jake – how have you been?” I enquired.

“Nathan – I saw your ad on Saturday and I think it is about time I made my move out of Norlex.”
Direct – no punches pulled – Another tick.

Jake continued before I could reply.

“ It’s time because I am frustrated at being the assistant plant manager here. I need more”

The conversation thereafter took the familiar route with me asking the candidate Jake to forward an up-to-date resume. I then took the unusual step of inviting him to be interviewed – this because I had interviewed him months before when he had first made it known to me that he was placing himself on the job market and importantly, because my experience and gut feeling told me that with his engineering qualification and good people skills, that Jake would make my short list of three candidates.

“Saturday the 4th at 10.00am – you know Jake – at the top of Collins Street – on the 22nd floor Collin’s Place”

TO BE CONTINUED